# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1848. WHOLE NO. 1416.


## Original Poetry.

### SONGS OF OLD SAYINGS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY HENRY MORFORD.

#### LET IT GO.

[If any of our readers are not surprised that Mr. Morford could write such a few parts, upon the above common saying, "Let it go," they will not be like the the editors of the Post:]

Let it go, and never count it,
Although never so dear the debt;
To the land that gave return it
With a spirit true and free;
Count the there in every pleasure,
Weigh your gold without the dross,
Then, oh, grieve not beyond measure,
If the needful is your loss.

Let it go, for time, the unbended,
Will recover all things again,
Save the waste that goad unbended
And weigh back, the heart.
Forfeit are all blessings given,
And wasted hours which lead to live
Who shall count for the losing,
What is gained by the giving?
And rejoice, when life is closing,
O'er the blossom and the blight.

## Romance of Life.

### THE BLUE DRAGOON.

A STORY OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE. FROM THE CRIMINAL RECORDS OF HOLLAND.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

[The following singular story of circumstantial evidence is extracted from the records of criminal trials, published at Amsterdam under the title of "Merkwaardige Regtsgeleerdheden," and has for its heading: an old die-sinker-like ornamental letter, and is prefaced by a few remarks on the importance to M——— from one of these little excursions. Some land her house had been broken open in her absence, and the usual valuable articles, with all her jewels and trinkets, had disappeared. Information was immediately given to the police, and a strict investigation of the circumstances took place without effect.

The old lady had been three weeks absent, and the thieves of course had had ample leisure for their attempt. Every room in the house, from through a window in the back part of the house communicating with the garden, one of the panes of which had been removed and the bolts of the window forced back, so as to admit of its being pulled up. The bolts of the back door leading into the garden had also been withdrawn, as the rub bers had evidently entered by the window in question. The other doors and windows were minutely and carefully examined, but nothing further had been suspected. The furniture, generally, was undisturbed; the robbers had intended nothing by confusion, as if the robbers had intended removing them, but had been interrupted or pressed.

At the time it was reported that the thieves had gone very deliberately about their work. The ceiling and floors of the house were all grease, some of which had been secured by strong and well constructed locks, had been opened with so much coolness that no part of the wood-work had been touched. The ceiling and floors were left standing by the side of the grate. The valuable articles, such as of jewels, articles of value, and fine linens, were gone. Two strong boxes had been broken open, from which gold and silver coin, with many articles of clothing, had been abstracted. The value of the missing articles amounted to about two thousand Dutch guilders. The thieves had not confined themselves to articles of value, which, especially enough, had escaped the notice of the thieves. In particular, a valuable piece of the widow's property consisted of property in the funds, the obligations for which were deposited in the press above-mentioned, but in an iron chest in her sitting-room. The chest had been accidentally opened shortly before her departure, placing it in a more retired apartment, where it had fortunately escaped the observation.

The robbery had, apparently, been committed by more than one person; and, it was naturally suspected, by persons well acquainted with the house, and with the circumstance of the inhabitants. The iron chest, which was almost the only respectable one in the neighborhood, was accepted as a valuable prize. The shoemaker's dwellings were inhabited by the poorer classes, and not a few of them were of questionable character. The inner door of the town, which was navigable, flowed along the end of the garden through which the thieves had, apparently, gained admittance, being separated from the garden only by a thin hedge. It was conjectured that the thieves had made their way close to the hedge by means of a boat, and from thence had crossed over into the garden, along the walks and flowerbeds of which foot-marks were distinctly visible.

The discovery of the robbery had created a general sensation, and the house was surrounded by a crowd of curious idlers. Various persons were called on the part of the police to prevent them intruding into the house. Among the rest, a young baker, and the inhabitant of the house opposite in that of the widow, succeeded in making his way in along with the rest. The baker, in his capacity, soon awaked his return with impatience, trusting to be able, by some circumstance, to gratify his curiosity at second-hand. If so, they were disappointed. He, and the rest who had gone in before him, very narrowly observed, and observed, that people might suspect many things of which it might not be easy to prove.

In proportion, however, to his testimony was the incontrovertible of a trivial nature. Lambert Van ——, the inhabitant of the corner house next to that of the widow. He struggled with his anger who were concerning the subject; dropped hints that he had his own notions as to the culprits, and could, if necessary, give a clue to their discovery. Among the crowd who were observed to listen to these allusions, was a few dozen of porcelain, a suggested spy of the police. Before evening, the wood-spinner received a summons to the townhouse, and was called upon by the burgomaster for an explanation of the suspicious expressions he had used. He stammered, hesitated, protended he knew of nothing but general grounds of suspicion, like his neighbors; but being threatened with stronger measures of compulsion, he at last agreed to speak more particularly upon the subject. He then very willingly have spared persons against whom he had had no grudge whatever, and would have been to last for ever, if he had foreseen the consequences of his information.

The substance of his disclosure was to the effect:—Opposite the German post-house, at the head of the street in which the wood-spinner lived, there was a little alehouse. Nicholas D——, was the landlord. He was generally known among his acquaintance to, not by his baptismal or family name, but by the appellation of the Blue Dragoon, from having formerly served in the horse regiment of Colonel Van Wackerbarth, which was popularly known by the name of the Blues. About two years before, he had become acquainted with and married Hannah, the former servant of Madame Andreehi, who had been six years in that situation, and possessed her entire confidence. Unwilling to part with her attendant, and probably entertaining no favorable notion of the intended husband, Madame Andreehi had shown considerable impatience in the way of the match, so that the parties were obliged to meet chiefly at night, and by stealth. Nicholas found his way into the house at night through the garden of his acquaintance the wood-spinner, and, according to his own account, he had in Madame Andreehi's. Of these nocturnal visits the wood-spinner had been aware, and had even been invited to a party in the usual, close by Madame Andreehi's garden, one of the evenings when the doors were generally used by the dragoons for bringing forage from the magazine. And he at once suspected that this was the season by which the thieves had contrived to introduce his nocturnal companions. With the recollection of this passage in his landlord's history was combined a circumstance of recent occurrence. Nicholas, on the night appeared curiously to look in with the mode in which the robbery appeared to have been effected. Ten days before the discovery of the house-breaking, and while the thieves were in the country, the wood-spinner stated that he heard, one morning, a loud-continued whistling from the garden back of the house, and exactly opposite his own window. The back it up and put it in his pocket, without thinking much of the time. At dinner he happened to remember it, mentioned the circumstance to his wife, whose name for the landlord, and observed, jestingly, "If Madame Andreehi were in town, and Hannah was still in her service, I should suspect that some of her former guests had been making his rounds, and had forgot their whistles." His wife, who was in the habit of jesting with her husband on the subject, rallied him on the folly of such suspicions, and exclaimed "Is the baron at Nicholas D——'s?" In the absence of the landlord's name Nicholas D——. Something out in the wood-spinner's mind was confirmed by the circumstance, that the baroness had been seen in the garden at the same time with the baron.

During the first search of the house a half-burnt wax-candle, which was found in the iron chest, and a pipe, was found on the floor, near the press which contained the property, and was supposed to be the property of the robbers on quarts secreted into the pipe-bowl, and the candle-end, which served as a part-end entitling the holder to put the article on the cellars. The upper part of the corrupt containing the pipe-bowl, which served as a guard to the wood-spinner, but the lower part was preserved, contained the tobacco of the pipe, and was found in the room which had been found in his house. It belonged, he said, not to himself, but to his intimate friend.

This part of the statement, related, was confirmed by other circumstances, these statements were calculated to the suspicion of the wood-spinner. Nicholas, for instance, had stated that no part of his debt to him had been paid; and in fact he had not been in a condition to do so—while the other three members of the household, on the contrary, seemed to have money in abundance. The amount of payment of twenty guilders to issue, expressly to the wood-spinner, was also found to be correct. Its amount was then contradicted by the subsequent statement

# Our Correspondents

## LETTER FROM GRACE GREENWOOD.

*New Brighton, Pa., Sept. 5th, 1863.*

CONVERSATION—As I love my letter writers, I am especially happy that we are met in September. There is a luscious ripe month that should follow June, I fear—I won't give to the classics, I might easily misapply—their meager feast of August!

In truth, the changeful and capricious July which I have led of late has rendered me almost unconscious of the flight of Time. The days have seemed to succeed one another in rapidity as the shifting scenes in a play. Now the watery and now the fiery element—the ocean of the garden treading on the heels of the ocean of the grove—the one bathed and the other dried by turns, and from each brown bough tinsel-gay and light green below—the brown forest like a sudden fiery illumination, the branches of pale red flowers, which they fling for the summer air with the breath of their beauty and gladness, were discovered northward, "if like a bird or boy aware."

Then ever that tree spread a royal invitation of foliage, a glory of deep, dark verdure, waving in the sunlight, glittering in the rain, heavy dew and the evening cool, tingling and emptying in the night breeze, or sleeping tranquilly in the starlight, when the winds were so loaded, that not even the few-drop tremblings of the hand of the rose. And now, not from sadd that leafy luxuriance glows the ripening fruit, golden and red, while over the heavy clusters of the neighboring vine spreads a crimson flush, which purples rapidly as the sunset hours. Soon shall these fruits be gathered—though and lily, come upon this summer holidays, and the whole member visitation among the embowered leaves—escaping them in darkness and deeply, with hoarse sheets of glee. Like serious spirits holding a jubilee over the death of gardener and beauty.

But, "sufficient for the day," &c. While we are in the midst of bloom and ripeness, soft rain, and sunlight and blossom and fruit, we may rejoice in the exquisite enjoyments, the pure, fresh pleasures they bring—and so in the seasons of the year, as in those of life: let us who are yet in its very summer, or golden autumn, not fill our souls with cold forebodings of its winter gloom and desolateness. While they may, let our hearts palpitate with sweet hopes and gladly with enthusiasm—let our feet tread merry measures, and our voices swell the songs of joy—let our thoughts be steeped in the love of Nature, and our hearts beat in her's sunlight—let our spirits be filled with the gladness of society's deepest hours and the solid worship of her crowning adoration.

This is my present simple philosophy, and one that amid the real cares and griefs and multitudinous annoyances and vexations of life, is more difficult to practice than many might suppose.

I believe I have never told you anything of my home. As description is not my forte, I can only hope to give an imperfect idea by my word-painting. New Brighton is a pretty village, on the Beaver River, about two miles from its junction with the Ohio, thirty miles below Pittsburg. The Beaver is a beautiful stream, more like the Ponemah than any other river I have seen. The scenery along its banks, is somewhat bold and striking, and always lovely and picturesque.

Our village is in a gently rising point valley, and from the beauty and healthiness of its situation and its pleasant society, is a favorite summer resort for many of the citizens of Pittsburg and Cincinnati.

My home in which my parents have resided for a few years past, is a white cottage, which looks toward the river, or valley through thick shade-trees and clambering vines, like a Trellis window through her jasmine.

The towering hills and deep, romantic dells around us, furnish scenes for many delightful rambles, climbs, drives and bold equestrian exercises. Such "racing and chasing" as we have about this time! Such generous scenes and after the fox-dam and vigor of the words—such wild genius enter hath not equine.

Apropos of outdoor exercises and entertainments, I was that many proper people of the place, for being utterly shocked and indignant, much else about the muscular and rose-me while in a Fourth Society I planned to organize for the morning rambles through the dells and over the hills of Massachusetts. Now, it is my opinion that the present of female dress is the best in the course of my story of us living to take that out door exercise which is absolutely essential to vigorous health. For country walks and climbs, nothing could be more thoroughly inconvenient and unwise than a long dress, light skirts, thin shoes and heavy boots.

My heart is not a right state of things, and I for one would advocate a reform most seriously and strongly. What might not we adopt a costume somewhat like the bathing-dress we wear on the sea-shore—loose Turkish trousers, of a tunic or blouse, a black belt, and broad-brim hat of straw hat, with the addition of thick boots and a light cane. This, with a tasteful choice of material, might be made a very piquante, picturesque and popular costume, without infringing greatly on the reserved rights of the other sex. And then look at its infinite advantages over our usual dress, in clambering over rocks, following up trout-streams, making way through thick fences and over swampy places—in leaping the one or the somebody.

Modern dress suits us well again revealed the exterior exercise in the open air is of inordinately health—is sometimes absolutely necessary to the physical well-being. It is our keeping ourselves shut up in close rooms, with the vast forests and mines and lakes on hands, which is giving to society in entire generation of pale, complaining, nervous, or to use the word of a plain old friend, "*Angry*" women. It is the Mohammedan enlargement, this sex, because it has no fair play in the bold and healthful exercises of their English sisters and American cousins, is fast degenerating—a pretty verbally ephemeral.

Beauty is no fragile, cringed and pendant hall queen belle; but a wild, blooming, vigorous nymph of the mountains—a bounding, sparkling Undine amid green hills and dancing waterfalls. Her style fashion not lack the garish brilliance of the gas saloon, but have sunshine and rose clearlight; as her voice is not tuned to the harp and guitar, but sings with the wild bird and mingles with the river. Helm herself was no luxurious lubricant of a marble palace, with silken couches and velvet carpets—but trained the shades and dances of the dew and morning splendors of the secret mountains of the far West. Moses and Hagar were not all young ladies of rural proposition nor were wonderful beauties. Even a regular Rip Van—Minerva was grow as well as him, and Apollo was a mighty, regenerated, outre ballbearings amateur, with nothing but his lyre for a pass-art into polite society.

Mr. Rollo Bailey, the husband of Fanny Butler is not alone in deeming muscular ballchlorella. I am glad a young and lovely daughter of one of the proudest South Karin, is not afraid of soiling or tearing her ballet in his summer expeditions among the Highlands. I regard as a complete sportsman's or botanist's suit, the only dress wearable in that wild, rough region.

Mrs. Bailey seeing the necessity of such a costume, has the courage to adopt it, I must say, though I may not have the spirit to emulate her. I confess that I am not yet brave enough to wear the Turkish trousers in public, or say but a great objection to make myself famous by an outre dress though it be the embodiment of reason. Still, to introduce any reform in dress or in morals, some one must submit to a load of moral martyrdom.

But, I am not regret considerably that Mrs. Bailey stencil have been there to lead the way, and to set that fashion which our delicate and sensitive sensibly-element will be long, very long in following. I regret that my circumstance cannot return that propriate against that gifted and noble lady. Women, whether as queens or parents or married in the race are it is not impressive to remember because her the sort of her gentle and "influence." Jane Eyre," while the best book has been composed in her house, Mrs. Bailey, in American character, and her institutions, are before us, as eloquent illustration beautiful organism, which is the result of a long glorious passage, referring to our country, without a head-dress or pride nor ornament.

*Thus to the most refined and beautiful of earth*
*At former things learned her—and before*
*Of all the accomplishments of womanhood,*
*Nothing to bend women to the law of God.*

Fanny Kemble lost name among us, a strong original character, her genius and temperament a good and impressive character of a splendid genius—had she been born in a cottage, yet being a sufferer to lead a disgust of the source from which it springs—her self-reliance, her strength of will, her wayward, impulsive, spirit and homesick child, full of many mentor, and strange unreasonable prejudices. Well, she got all her stern reasonings, impressions, all her disagreeable, discussions, disappointments and sorrows at home, and she has not broken people peculiarly sensitive and thin-skinned as regards all foreign criticisms. Some of them will think, but perversingly flippant, now seemingly overclever or stern, eccentric and unfeminine; a fervent, earnest and ardent lover of the rules of good grammar and good sense—in contemporaneous and writing criticisms, unsparing of Americans and English can be kind to its occasional eloquent and poetic passages, to its many traits of worth and natural loving, and to its sometimes wise and healthful criticisms. Fanny Kemble and Mrs. Butler cannot deny that she was most rash and unjust in publishing so undigested a work, and most of all in its publication at a moment when we are henceforth to be her home. But as she seems herself to have seen her error, let it be forgotten by us.

I look upon Miss Butler as so originally high and beautiful nature, distorted and marred by an unseasonably premature and unsympathetic domestic existence. She found little dignity in the first, and no happiness in the last, and neither socially, intellectually, nor through the affections, has she loved up to the full measure of her love. Her first and darling genius was baffled in its sweeping flight, and her heart, with its *sweet* fraught of love and hope and womanly consolidation, has been wrecked. Like a noble colonist half reared, half-educated and with its delicate organization undeveloped—like "a fair young tree," intelligent-ended in its first summer, stunted and blighted in its second—its promise—matured by winter.

I cannot but believe that but Fanny Kemble leaves a happier life, and been able to concentrate her fine genius upon poetry, she would have been a very popular second English poet. She might have taken her high rank with Mrs. Hemans, as a bright, ethereal star in the poetic firmament, distinguished by its own peculiar, but entirely feminine light and color.

Mrs. Butler will be a great loss to English literature, and to the cause of humanity, if she does not, from this time forward, devote herself to literature. Her writings, vivid and picturesquely always, and sometimes powerful, are the testimonies of a great and genuine; but she is too generally careless, and too frequently commits the unpardonable sin of taste and refinement. And yet, in that so in her poetry, she reveals a kindling enthusiasm—fiery, and an intense appreciation of the beautiful, a passionate love of freedom, and a deep, religious faith. In her last volume of complaint, a heart that looks harrowed through all, and the strong waves of sorrow and misfortune have not dashed nor from the "Rock of Ages," to which she clings. Unlike Byron, whom she somewhat resembles, she is not, in writing, the slave of her heart's chief of to the truth, and love, and mercy of God.

Mrs. Butler will be a great loss to humanities in closet over the land, peculiar lot of genius. Thank-giving, again that Miss Fanny's great, natural gift were but a robe of royal splendor, falling in richness and gold round the form of more womanly, beautiful, and self-existent. Her genius has a bold energy through the tender ones of thought—through the benevolent cultures of mind—it can seek the loftiest heights of human aspiration, and yet not disdain to bend to the lowly to the childhood region, and there with him in the tender and pensive. Miss Kemble, as she is in her writings, is a noble example of the wise and human appointed institutions of society, that in certain—really believing herself to be wronged and the martyr of a true faith. She is to be pitied and blamed, for she is a woman, and a woman was wronged and sacrificed in marriage. Such cases of the kind are not unfrequent, but with as their champions and avenger. With her husband, the wronging of a woman's heart was the struggles fearfully with the social bonds which she cannot yet break, and with the sufferings of passionate remembrance, now marks Heaven: Alas, Heaven! Such a woman's heart! Such a secret which is the most blamable. Mr. Stephens's own confession and daring revelation. Judge Cone declares he did not make use of the correspondence of his wife's letters, but destroyed them, and wanton one. Considering the high position occupied by both these gentlemen, one being a Judge and the other a Bishop, it is still more remarkable that they should have thus exposed their private relations, to speak of the conduct of both in such terms as we think truth warrants us in using.

## CURIOUS DEFENCE.

A case of the greatest possible interest to all young men, and especially to those who are about to marry, is now on trial in the Court of Common Pleas in New York. A Mr. Hawser having been engaged to be married to a young lady, broke off the engagement and married another. The first lady brought suit for damages, and the defendant, in his defence, set up the following singular defence. Just listen to it, and control your indignation that ye may listen to the end. Here is the defence as we have it, abridged with lengthiness—ye, who are men:

"And most gloriously does"

but simply divinely *love*, without the tail—and the defendant was not in love with the plaintiff. He was engaged to her in his principal ground of defence against the suit brought against him. Here it is:

"And principally out of the reason that the plaintiff was not a fit person for the defendant to marry."

"Not so as for the causes to marry." But because the plaintiff was not a companion for the reader, who was not to her own estimation, said of course she would be likely to know best, fully as well as the defendant, if she was not a fit person to marry. Now we ask you, if you expect to see such a sight. Now the question is, Was the plaintiff a fit person to marry in the case of the lady in question when he promised to marry her? Was she a fit person to marry three years, always had been nothing more, and that had never seen her standing up? But if it even was not a fit person to marry when he first promised, would have settled the question as to her sincerity? Was she a fit person to marry when he thought in the respect, on him be the fatal consequences?

But this ground of Mr. Hawser's, if maintained by the Court and jury—if it be not totally demolished by the counsel for the plaintiff—and the dogs—will prove fatal to the rights of the plaintiff in this case, and to the rights of all subsequent sufferers of the kind. Let us hope that

# United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1865.

## ANOTHER GREAT FIRE.

A very destructive conflagration took place in Brooklyn, opposite New York, on last Saturday night. About one hundred and twenty-five stores in the city, it said to have been passed away by the fire. The loss is estimated at one million of dollars. Between one and two hundred families are without homes, with all their furniture, which was consumed. The fire originated in a cowhouse in the rear of the premises of a carpenter named Hardy a few months since, and after losing an arm saved by two of these lamps, and now the destruction of nearly two hundred houses is to be laid to their charge. We would not have any about our house if the makers would pay us for using it, and beg to enquire if such is the compensation.

The great extent of this conflagration is said to have been owing to the want of water—the private cisterns, the only source of supply, being most exhausted. This day weather is at last cooler, for from in places where the dependence is upon cisterns and pumps.

### OFFICIAL NOTICE.

The Adjutant General, at Washington, has issued the following notice, dated July 1:

The very common application to the War Department for the discharge of enlisted soldiers will not, for the present, allow special exceptions to the applicants, unless it may be proper to grant the discharge, which is not the case more than three in a hundred cases. All persons applying for discharges will be required to make oath that they are not drafted men in the military service of the United States; this affidavit will permit, when the application is not be forwarded to the commanding officer.

Applicants for discharges, who would be entitled to the benefit of the provisions of the act of Congress, and the full period of their enlistment, are informed, if they desire their discharge, to procure a substitute by way of favor at their or their friends' request, for they cannot claim as a right to be discharged.

### LEARN TO SWIM.

A lady recently saved her own life and that of her infant by knowing how to swim. She was overturned that she was in, and she caught hold of the skiff with one hand, and with the other, and sustained herself until she could place it upon the bottom of the boat. The boat then turned right, and placed herself in it. She then caught it, and got it inside the boat, with its load above the water, and then exercised her strength both herself and child until the arrival at assistance. Her self-possession and knowledge of how should be regarded as remarkable, until they know how to swim.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 154—adults 86, and children 68.

☞ It is proposed to rain the Florida Everglades, so as to bring one million of acres of fine land into cultivation.

# Political Intelligence

## CLAY NOMINATED.

A large meeting of the Friends of Henry Clay was held last week in New York. The Tribune says 10 000 persons were present—probably a portion of the number were Democrats—attracted by the fine organ grinder?" "Don't know, Mr. Sugarcane, but I know that they receive a handsome fee about the street." A brick ground the lead at the Park Theatre, and it was then transported under the corner of Duck Square.

The Hon. Thurlow Weed was the presiding officer of the meeting, and was supported by Gen. Garfield, late Governor Morgan, Gen. Wadsworth, Gen. Hall, Delafield, Smith, Seaton and others. The first resolution was in favor of the election and renewal of his principles. He said they could not go for General Taylor, and as they could not do this, let them vote for the man of Clay's choice and do fighting under his banner. (The name of General Taylor was received with cheers.) Speaking, while a portion of the meeting were entertaining themselves in the basement, he said he supposed Clay seemed to set some of those on the stage and a portion of those in the body of the meeting, evidently crazy. They rushed and stamped and jumped and shrieked, much more like Bedlamites than sane men. Mr. Hall acknowledged that it was a movement not urged on by mere whim and impulse—it was the result of years of mature hope. He attempted to justify the course they were taking, and argued that they were not bound by the platform of the late Philadelphia Convention, alleging it was unfairly procured.

An Address and Resolutions were adopted, in which Henry Clay was recommended for President, and Millard Fillmore for Vice President. The main ground taken in the Address and Resolutions, was, that to support General Scott was to support Slavery, and desert the Whig party.

The North Carolina, of this city, has an article upon the above movement, to which we find room to refer to-day.

Knowing, as we do, the integrity and virtue of Henry Clay, we are sure he will give no countenance to this disorganizing movement, and if any one should seriously when we say, that he has given no encouragement to it, he is deceived. Some of these contemplations, no matter in what quarter or with whom they have originated.

It is probable that New York movement will cause Mr. Clay to withdraw his name for consideration of it. In fact, his continued silence will be taken by his friends, if not the world, as approval.

Truly, this a one of the most remarkable campaigns ever known in America! Of the three Clays, Taylor, Smith, Van Buren and Clay (we name them in the order of their prominence before the field, he must be hard to please who cannot be suited. It has been a standing saying for some time, that "the world was governed too much;" if it was only forced it, and the same remark hits fair now to be true of our Presidential campaigns—they would be good parties, if they were only *forced* into. Well, it is a pleasing matter to the politicians, but we, neutral and independent journalists, can shrink from the labor, anxiety and good excitement of the people. Besides, we shall not get an office, no matter who is elected.

## THE PRESIDENCY.

Our good friend, Cochran, received the following statistics interesting about this time. By their aid they can construct tables for themselves, and elect anybody President they please. We have not room for it nip is one or two extra sheets on the right side, if your type-setter can find a figure up to it. That is the way the political editors always do, and thus give large and confidential to their party:

| Year | No. of votes. |
|---|---|
| 1824 | 1,705,096 |
| 1828 | 1,610,658 |
| 1832 | 1,287,200 |
| 1836 | 1,501,346 |
| 1840 | 1,360,410 |
| 1844 | 1,337,243 |

*Magnitude of Electoral Vote.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Polk over Clay in 1844 | 64 |
| Harrison over Van Buren, in 1840 | 174 |
| Van Buren over Harrison in 1836 | 15 |
| Jackson over Clay, in 1832 | 170 |
| Jackson over Adams, in 1828 | 178 |

*Recapitulation of the Vote of 1844.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Polk's majority over Clay, exclusive of South Carolina | 39,340 |
| Majority of Polk and Dallas over Clay, | 161,863 |
| 36 forty-fifths of Polk and Dallas' vote, | 82,603 |

*Presidential Election of 1848.*

The number of the House of Union is Thirty. The Senate of the United States is composed of sixty Senators, two of the House of Representatives. Each State, in 1848 will be entitled to a Representative for every 70,680 of the whole number of its Senators and Representatives in Congress.

The Electoral votes of the States will be as follows:—

| States. | No. | States. | No. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. Maine | 9 | 17. Tennessee | 13 |
| 2. New Hampshire | 6 | 18. Ohio | 23 |
| 3. Massachusetts | 12 | 19. Indiana | 13 |
| 4. Rhode Island | 4 | 20. Missouri | 9 |
| 5. Connecticut | 6 | 21. Illinois | 9 |
| 6. Vermont | 6 | 22. Illinois | 9 |
| 7. New York | 36 | 23. Michigan | 5 |
| 8. Virginia | 17 | 24. Missouri | 7 |
| 9. North Carolina | 11 | 25. Arkansas | 4 |
| 10. New York | 36 | 26. Michigan | 6 |
| 11. Pennsylvania | 26 | 27. Texas | 4 |
| 12. Delaware | 3 | 28. Iowa | 4 |
| 13. South Carolina | 9 | 29. Wisconsin | 4 |
| 14. Georgia | 10 | | |
| 15. Kentucky | 12 | Total Electoral vote | 290 |
| Necessary to a choice | | | 146 |

## VERMONT.

It is probable that Vermont has not elected any Governor by a majority—not even a majority of over all, and not a more plurality, to elect in that State. This year the Democrats have nominated and elected an increased number of members of the Legislature. The Free Soil Party came next, both in popular vote and number of representatives; and the Democratic party last. As the Legislature chooses the Governor, in default of an election by the people, a Whig Governor will doubtless be elected. The Rutland Herald says of the Whig, recapitulates the representatives in 84 towns as follows:

"Fifty-four Whigs, 37 Barnburners, 7 Democrats, 1 Seabrook, 1 no choice. Last year in same towns, 67 Whigs, 43 Democrats, 4 Abolitionists, 1 no choice.

## ANOTHER LETTER.

Another letter has been published from General Taylor, explanatory of his position. He declares that he is not opposed to the Philadelphia platform on party man. He considers himself the people's candidate for the Presidency, as he had been announced by all parties, and he had consented, hoping that it would cause the contest to be conducted with candor, if not amity. He accepts the Whig nomination with gratitude and pride, and refers to his previous letters, and especially the one addressed to Capt. Allison, for an expression of his views on all necessary subjects. He concludes, by saying that if elected, he will endeavor to conduct the Union, and establish the happiness of his countrymen on an enduring basis.

## POLITICAL ITEMS.

In two months from the present time, there are to be chosen one hundred and twenty-six members, sixty-nine of whom in the present Congress are Whigs, and fifty-four Democrats.

T. Leger Hutchinson, the people's candidate for Mayor of Charleston, has been overlooked by a majority of two hundred and sixty-seven.

Isaac R. Davis, Esq., has been nominated by the Free Soil City Convention as the candidate for Congress in the Second District of Pennsylvania, in opposition to Hon. Jos. Kerr.

The organs of each of the five or six parties are claiming the overwhelming victories their party will be successful in the next Presidential election. No matter how small the party is, it is as confident of success as the largest.

Mr. Calhoun, in a recent letter to the Charleston Mercury, in which he says he sees little to approve and much to condemn in either candidate for the Presidency, denies his friends to regard him as taking no part between the two candidates, and of standing on independent ground, ready to support or oppose the successful, as his measures may or may not accord with the principles and views of policy which he has expressed Mr. C.

Mr. Bagby, the Minister to Russia, declined going in the frigate St. Lawrence, preferring the more expeditious mode of traveling in the steamer.

President Polk does not expect, the Union says, to leave Washington till the 4th of March next.

The Hookers of New York have nominated Fernando Wood, Mayor; Gideon Lee, and Charles McComber for Lord. Governor.

Hon. Isaac Toucey is spoken of by Democratic candidate for Governor of Massachusetts.

Hon. David Wilmot has been re-nominated by the Democrats of the 18th Congressional District, embracing Bradford, Susquehanna and Tioga Counties.

Hon. C. J. Ingersoll has been refused a nomination by the Democrats of the Fourth Congressional District of Pennsylvania. John Robbins, Jr., received the nomination. Col. Page, of Bucks, and Thomas B. Florence was chosen as the Democratic nominee for Congress by acclamation.

### ARKANSAS ELECTION.

Full returns have been received from Arkansas. The Democrats have seventy-six Representatives, and the Whigs twenty-four. The principal State contest attached to the election has been the question of United States Senators. Of the members of the Legislature elected, a majority are Democrats, and friendly to him; Gilliam has also many supporters.

# Clippings.

☞ Poverty is satisfied with great wealth, but pride requires great works.—*Campbell.*

☞ Let not any one say he cannot govern his temper. He can govern it if he will. He has patience with such fools before. They don't deserve having their temper. They don't deserve having their temper. They don't deserve having their temper

# Original Poetry.

## FLORA'S NUNNERY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MARY NOEL MCDONALD.

Once on a time Dame Flora tired
Of flaunting buds and rosy bowers,
Proclaimed, with a new whim inspired,
She'd build a nunnery for flowers.
Herself should Lady Abbess be,
And each fair bud or tinted bell,
Weary of life's poor vanity,
With her a vestal meek should dwell.

She pictured every fond delight,
The holy pleasures all might share;
Where each could tell her beads aright,
And breathe her eves free from care;
A very paradise she said
This quiet home should ever be,
Then plucked the garlands from her head,
And seized her book and rosary.

The dim monastic bower was reared
Within a deep sequestered glade,
And Flora at the shrine appeared
As Abbess of the Order made;
Then sent a summons far and wide,
To bud and blossom, flower and bell;
But strange to say scarce one replied,
Or came a votaress to the cell.

The Rose in great confusion begged
That Lady Flora would excuse
Her presence, though it grieved her quite,
So small a favor to refuse—
But Lady Lily and herself,
Unconscious of their queen's design,
Had asked good neighbor Butterfly
To come to them each day and dine.

The Tulip curled her pretty lips,
And said, indeed 'twas past all reason,
To send them to a doleful place
Just in the fashionable season;
And tall Carnation with a sigh,
Declared it must be wondrous pleasant,
And she would go there by and bye,
But could not think of it *at present*.

The Tuberose and Jonquil met
To talk the matter o'er at leisure;
And little modest Mignonette
Said *she* would go with greatest pleasure,
Save that a pretty humming-bird,
Had told but *half* a charming ditty;
And really to leave unheard
His dainty song would seem a pity.

Miss Lupin said her dress was new,
She wanted now to show its beauty;
And all the little Bluebells cried
To leave mamma was not their duty;
The Wall flower answered that her beds
At home had ever quite confined her;
And Scarlet Lichen cried in scorn
A novice vow should never bind her!

The Violet with her moist blue eyes
Was sure Queen *Flora* must be crazy,
And for her life she would not go
Without her dearest friend the Daisy.
And Daisy in a tremble sighed,
"Dear Violet I will never leave thee,
But to that dismal place retired,
A thousand ills must come, believe me.

"Besides, I'm on a mission sent,
And may not hide my snow-white flowers;
For they are gathered day by day
To cheer a sick girl's languid hours,
And by a lowly bed they bloom,
And speak of all things fair to see;
How could I hide them, Violet,
In Lady Flora's Nunnery?"

The Violet thought her friend was right,
And when a splendid Dragon-fly,
Who sometimes praised her lips and eyes,
Upon his brilliant wing came by—
She fancied that *her* mission kind
Must be to soothe the insect race;
And shuddered at the strange idea
Of life in that monastic place.

In brief, but one of all the train,
Could Flora win to her retreat,
So worldly had the flowers become,
For novice lives they seemed unmeet;
The valley's Lily, pale and meek,
Came only to the holy spot;
Content the vestal vow to speak,
And live by all the world forgot.

But Flora's passion for the place
Had by this time begun to cool,
The veil *did* not become her face,
And wearied with monastic rule,
The garland which had graced her brows,
She donned again right joyfully,
Forsook the shrine, broke all her vows,
And fled the tranquil nunnery.

What happed the little novice flower,
The Lily to her humble cell,
Left by the Abbess when the bower
She fled, I really cannot tell;
But it is whispered that the maid
Back to the world was never won;
And though bereft of convent shade,
She lives in heart a simple nun.

# Pictures of Life.

## A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

FROM THE LONDON TIMES.

A romance of real life, in its incidents and catastrophe far beyond the wonders of an average novel, has just been closed in the Court of Queen's Bench, by a verdict which appears to have been as gratifying to every listener as it must needs have been to the parties immediately concerned. There was no very great conflict of evidence in the matter, as the case turned entirely upon a selection between one of two probable stories, and we shall be best enabled to present the reader with an intelligible digest of the three days' trial by assuming, as the jury did, that the tale of the plaintiff's was strictly true, and by relating it in the shape of such a continuous whole as may be constructed from the minutes of the proceedings.

In the year 1762, there was born, at Badwell Ash, in the county of Suffolk, Theophilus, the son of John and Elizabeth Turner, who were people in an humble rank of life, the husband being gardener to the Rev. Dr. Ord, of Fornham St. Martin, in the same parts. As the boy gave promise of quicker senses than ordinary, he was sent to a village school where writing happened to be taught with peculiar excellence, and subsequently, by the kindness of Dr. Ord, to some seminary at Bury St. Edmund's—very probably, as his classical proficiency is now mentioned, to the admirable old grammar school of that ancient town. It seems that the boy looked to the sea as his future profession, since Dr. Ord used familiarly to call him "Jack the Sailor;" but upon some quarrel between himself and his patron he left Suffolk, and obtained, through the continued kindness of his friend, a situation in some school near London. This was in his youth, and from that moment almost up to the present day none of the Suffolk people ever heard or saw any more of their lost countryman, Theophilus Turner.

In the year 1842, on the last day of January, there died at No. 13 Huntley street, Brunswick Square, a gentleman of the name of John Turner, insane and intestate, leaving behind him property exceeding the value of £60,000. He had been an eccentric old gentleman, and up to the year or two before his death had been not only in ...

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... half-crowns, which he joyfully pocketed, but said nothing about the discovery, thinking that by keeping his secret he would monopolise the whole forthcoming advantage. Such are the particulars and catastrophe of this singular narrative; and, if the result carries no other moral with it, it may be at least remembered as exhibiting what little favor in this country is shown to the claims of the crown over the plea of its humblest subjects.

# Humorous Sketches.

## HORSE STORY.

A jocose Boston auctioneer, was called upon one day by a country dealer from Vermont, who wished to dispose of his horse. He was one of those distinctive characters peculiar to the section, with a countenance strangely indicative of both simplicity and shrewdness.

"I say," said he, "I want to see the auctioneer that auctions off horses here on Saturday."

"I'm the individual," said the auctioneer, "what can I do for you?"

"Well, I've got a horse I wanted to sell, *provided* I can get enough for him; don't want nothing more than his value neither. He's a good one, though just now he's a *leetle* thin; but I reckon he ought to sell partly smartly."

"Very good, will you have him advertised?"

"Well, I guess I don't know about that. What do you tax?"

"One dollar first insertion; fifty cents for every time after."

"That's tew dollars for three times; I reckon that you may put him in the newspaper *once* stranger, and after that let him slide."

"Very good; what color is he?"

"Rather brown than otherwise."

"Is he sound?"

"Sound? Oh, sound as a dollar—*shouldn't* like to warrant him, though!"

"All right; I'll advertise and sell him on Saturday. Have your 'critter' at the mart by twelve o'clock."

"I jest want to tell, Mr. Auctioneer, I should like to have the animal limited at fifteen dollars, *but* you may let him go for five."

"Exactly, and you won't take a great deal more than is offered for him, will you?"

"Well, no, I'm not dispositioned to be hard, anyhow, I calculate not."

Saturday came, and one dollar and a-half was bid for the animal brought up by the horse dealer.

"Go on, gentlemen, I have only one dollar and a half bid for the horse; how much more do I hear? One dollar and a half only is offered for the animal before you. One dollar and a half—going—going."

"*Sell him, sir, he's dying!*" whispered the Vermont horse dealer into the ear of the knight of the hammer.

"Gone!" shouted the auctioneer, and down went the old horse at a dollar and a half.

After the sale, the horse dealer was the first one up at the desk to settle.

"Well, I reckon it won't take long to settle up this little trade of mine about the horse," said he.

"Not long," said the clerk, "there's your account of sale; you have just to pay us fifty cents more than the horse brought."

"*Po*-litical *de*-struction!" exclaimed the Vermonter, with a humorous affectation of astonishment. Then with a satisfied manner he continued, "*It's cheap enough!* there's a fifty cent piece. *Cheap enough!* I couldn't gin him away at no price, and it would have cost tew dollars and a half to bury him. Jest half a dollar saved. Good morning, Mr. Auctioneer. *Cheap enough!*"

## MATRIMONY.

There will be a great deal of marrying and giving in marriage this Fall. Indeed, the happy pastime has already become a serious one—in extent only. We advise both sexes to be on the alert—for just as certain as a snuffer to the candle, all the girls, or all the men, we don't know which, will be married and out of the way before the year is out. A war of extermination—in a match-making sense—is going on, and loneliness be unto those who do not feel and acknowledge its influence. That heads of families are wide awake, no one can doubt who reads the following:

Mr. Smithson (an improvement on the celebrated name of Smith) wished to take Miss Browaly (another improvement) to the opera. ...